The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.

YALE, - - MICH

ANALYSES have settled a point long mooted. It has been discovered that there is some tobacco in the most widely known brands of cigarettes.

A BOLT of lightning near Luling, Texas, struck the corner of a house, passed through a shelf, hit a snuff bottle and leaped to the floor, where it seemed to exhaust itself on a little 2-year-old child. The child was only slightly stunned, but in a short time its back turned perfectly black.

RECKLESS drivers are said to have no respect for human life, but this is exaggeration. They have respect for their own, and they are probably human, evidence and belief to the contrary notwithstanding. They show this respect by galloping away after experiencing the joy of speeding along the spine of a prostrate citizen.

HEIRS of Nicholas Lutz of Reading, Pa., who furnished supplies to Washington's army during the revolution, are preparing to press a claim on the government for $3,000 and interest for 115 years for money not paid. If they go on the compound interest system the people may as well turn the treasury over to the claimants—provided they win.

EDITOR STEAD says that daughters of rich men, selling themselves to broken down specimens of nobility, should be pointed at with the finger of scorn. The finger of scorn, it is grievous to state, has not been trained on the lines suggested by Mr. Stead, and if detected in the act of pointing at one of these salable persons would involuntarily turn and point toward itself.

IB governor of Maryland has come to the conclusion that people do not read state papers like messages from the executives of municipalities, commonwealths or the nation with the avidity which once was its wont. With the view of popularizing his annual message to the legislature of Maryland Governor Brown has issued it accompanied by copious illustrations of the buildings of which the document treats.

BOSTON'S bean diet and epidemics of profanity have not served the purpose as advertising mediums. She now proposes to have one of her sons circumnavigate the globe, starting naked and penniless and returning within a year with $5,000 earned by his own labor. Starting a man out into the world naked is perhaps a brilliant and effective way to boom a dead town. But it is not original. It was practiced 6,000 years ago by the residents of the Garden of Eden.

A GENTLEMAN who recently went up in a tamed and tethered balloon leaped out when he had reached the height of twenty feet, to the jarring of his own person and the endangering of people upon the place beneath. If a citizen of the sort of intelligence indicated has the mental hooks wherewith to grapple a little advice, he is counseled hereafter to stand on the ground and endeavor to leap into the balloon. It will be less spectacular, but hardly so foolish.

A NOBLE precedent was set by the people of Great Britain during the cotton famine in the early years of the American civil war, when 400,000 hands—men, women and children—in her 2,700 cotton mills were thrown out of employment. The exigency was terrible and nobly the authorities of Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire met it. They built 276 miles of streets and highways, built and laid 304 miles of sewer and water mains. The cost amounted to $15,000,000.

OBSTINATE nose bleeding is frequently one of the most difficult things to check. Several aggravated cases have lately occurred at the hospital of the university of Pennsylvania. As to last resort Dr. D. Hayes Agnew tried ham fat with great success. Two large cylinders of bacon were forced well into the nostrils and the hemorrhage ceased at once. This is a very simple remedy and one which should be remembered for cases of emergency in the country.

ALPINE disasters long have been and still are so common that they excite but passing notice. They will continue to happen so long as daring exists in the human breast. Few tourists consider their trip abroad complete without scaling the heights of the Alps. These dangerous trips are not prompted by scientific inquiry, but by the spirit of daring, the desire to accomplish what others have done. A mountaineering party of nine persons have just come to grief in an attempt to ascend Guifetti, one of the highest peaks of the Alps. They were overtaken by a storm, in which one succumbed and the others were badly frozen.

AFTER staying at home and taking boarders—paying or gratuitous—during the exposition Chicago people are taking their annual vacations now. Some of them no doubt have found out that their relatives are no more glad to see them than they were to see their relatives last July.

A CIRCLE of King's Daughters, at Park City, Ky., recently raised sufficient money [illegible] coal for a poor family. The money was given to the family, who, instead of buying coal, had their photographs taken.

A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

She saw the long files of insurgent prisoners led along the streets, fastened together by their elbows, with lowered heads, still fierce and shuddering from the bloody battle guarded by a *cordon* of soldiers. She saw the exasperated crowd flinging itself savagely upon these victims of their leader's folly, trying to break through the *cordon* of soldiers, the women more furious than the men, striking at the prisoners with their umbrellas, crying, "Death to the assassins! To the fire with the incendiaries!"

When some poor panting wretch, exhausted by fatigue, tottered and fell, and was picked up by the gendarmes and put in one of the vehicles of relief which followed the convoy, there was a howl of fury from the mob:

"No, no," they cried, "shoot him on the spot!"

And as the dismal train passed through the villages, on the quiet country roads, there was the same chorus of insults and execrations, a torture that knew no cessation till the prisoners reached the camp at Satory, where they had the naked earth for their bed, and the sky for their shelter. Perhaps some among these pilgrims of the chain may have assisted in that other procession on the 27th of May, when Emile Gois and his myrmidons drove the priests and gendarmes to the place of butchery in the Rue Haxo.

The day of reprisals had come, and the day was bitter. And the cry of Paris is like the voice of the daughter of Zion that bewaileth herself, that spreadeth her hands, saying, "Woe is me now, for my soul is wearied because of murderers!"

In all her wanderings, those loiterings under the limes and the maples, on the boulevard, or on a bench in the Champs Elysees, where the old air of gaiety began once more to enliven the scene, Kathleen had as yet heard nothing of the missing Serizier. The people whom she questioned were either densely ignorant—they had never heard of the man—or they remembered him vaguely as one of those heroes of the hour, a shoddy Achilles, who had strutted in a gaudy uniform and played the soldier in a passing show; or they were indifferent, shrugged their shoulders, believed that Serizier had been killed on one of the barricades at Belleville yonder, or that he had been shot at Mazas with a gang of insurgents.

At last, however, one tender June evening, when the storied windows of Notre Dame flung broken colored lights, like scattered jewels, upon the placid bosom of the Seine, [illegible] by the Morgue, which lay low in the shadow yonder, like the black hull of some slave-ship, Kathleen, standing by the low parapet, listening to the deep-toned harmonies of the distant organ, heard two men talking of Serizier.

They had known him evidently; he had been one of their intimates at some period of his career; but they were not talking of him with any warmth of friendship. The man had been too great a brute to conciliate even his own class.

"He got off, sure enough," said one. "He was cleverer than Theophile Ferre, or Raoul Rigault, or Mery, and the rest of them. I met him after dark, on the 25th of May, in the Place Jeanne d'Arc. He was in a fever of fright, poor wretch, shaking from head to foot with agitation and excitement. After all, there is a difference in killing and being killed, and Serizier thought his turn had come. His boots and trousers were red with the blood of the Dominicans, and he complained of having to wear a uniform that was likely to betray his identity. He was colonel of the 101st battalion, you may remember, and had been very proud of his uniform—bulldog that he was. Well, he had never done me any good turn that I could remember; but one is glad to hide a hunted beast when the hounds are close upon him; so I told him I had a married sister living in the Rue Chateau des Rentiers, and that I could get him shelter in her lodging, which was on the ground-floor, at the back, looking into a walled yard—a safe kennel for any dog to hide in. He jumped at the offer, and I took him to my sister's place, gave him a supper, and a bit of carpet to lie upon, and a blouse and a pair of linen trousers in exchange for his fine feathers, and lent him a razor to cut off his military moustache; and at break of day he left us, clean-shaved and dressed like a workman."

"And you conclude that he got out of Paris that morning?" asked the other man.

"He was a fool if he did not, having a fair chance."

"The question is whether he had a chance That bulldog muzzle of his would not be easily forgotten, and the Government was hard on his track on account of the slaughter of the Dominicans, which really was a little too much; even we of the Internationals thought he had gone too far. I should think it would be easier for him to hide in Paris than to leave Paris just then."

"Perhaps; but there has been plenty of time since for him to get clear off. I dare say he is living by his craft as a currier in one of the big provincial towns. He would have to live by his trade; for I know he carried no money with him when he made off that morning."

A currier! Here was something gained, at least," Kathleen thought. Until this moment she had not known the original avocation of the warrior Serizier, commandant of the famous 101st, the hero of Issy and Chatillion. A currier! Here was a falling off indeed for the Ajax of the gutter!

One of the provincial towns! Alas, this was indeed a vague clue. Rouen, Havre, Lyons, Tours, Rennes—the names of a dozen great cities came into Kathleen's mind as she went slowly homeward, downcast and disheartened. He lived; that was something for her to know. He lived to expiate his crime, to suffer as she suffered, to render blood for blood. Her life, her brain, her heart should be devoted to the task of finding him; her hand should point him out to the law he had outraged.

All that night—the soft summer night, full of the murmuring of leaves—even here in desolated Paris, where the ruined houses stood up blank and black, with shattered windows, through which the moonlight shone and the June winds blew; a handful of dust, a fragment of crumbling mortar, falling every now and then as the zephyrs touched the broken walls—all that night Kathleen lay broad awake, staring at the casement opposite her bed; and when day dawned—the sweet summer dawn that came so soon—she sprang up, and began to wash and dress. Her plan was formed.

One of those two men had said there was safer hiding for such as Serizier in Paris than outside Paris; the other had said that he had no money upon him at the time of his supposed flight. Without money how could he have taken a long journey, unless he had walked, like the two sisters? But the colonel of the 101st—the man who had wallowed in feasting and drunkenness, who had held his impious orgies in the violated churches of Paris—was doubtless too luxurious a person to tramp for weary leagues along the white dusty roads, under the pitiless sun. No; he would stay in Paris. He would think himself safe in his workman's blouse, among workmen, most of them members of the International Society, that fatal association which had sown the seeds of anarchy all over Europe. Amongst these men the assassin would be safe; they would not betray a brother, even were he known as the murderer of the helpless.

She was in the streets before any of the shops were opened, before workaday Paris, no sluggard, whatever her vices—was beginning to stir. This was sheer restlessness, for she could do nothing without the help of her fellow-men. At eleven o'clock she was in a small office in the Marais—an office to which she had gone with Rose years ago, soon after their first coming to Paris, to inquire for work. It was a registry for servants, for clerks in a small way, and for shopmen. Here she asked how many curriers' workshops there were in Paris. She thought there would be several—ten perhaps, or even twenty.

The agent gave her a trade-directory, opened it for her at a page headed "Curriers." There were two hundred and thirty-two curriers in Paris—two hundred and thirty-two workshops, at any one of which the man Serizier might be plying his trade.

Hardly strange, taking this fact into consideration, that the law had hitherto failed to touch this offender; more especially as the government, though ready to administer stern justice upon such of the Communist assassins who came in its way, did not give itself very much trouble in hunting down those who had made clean off.

And then, again, the harmless Dominicans were solitary men. There was no wife or child, no friend or sweetheart, to avenge them.

"It will be longer than I thought," Kathleen said to herself, as she stood at a desk in the shadow at the back of the little office, copying that long list of names and addresses.

Two hundred and thirty-two workshops! There were names of streets which she had never heard of—districts, suburbs, of whose very existence she was ignorant. The work of copying these addresses alone occupied her for nearly two hours; she was so careful to write every address correctly, to be sure of every name.

When her task was done she gave the agent two francs for the use of the book, ink, and paper, and asked him where she could buy a good map of Paris. He directed her to a shop in the next street, where she got what she wanted; and this done, she went home.

Rose was singing over her baby, singing in the sunlit window, bright with flowers. Philip had fitted the windows with flower-boxes of his own designing—Swiss, rustic, what you will—constructed out of odd pieces of rough oak, the refuse of his cabinet-work. Rose was the gardener, who bought and planted the flowers, and tended these humble gardens day by day; and never had bloomed finer carnations than Rose's Gloire de Malmaison yonder, or lovelier roses than her Marechal Niel.

Durand was at work in his carpenter's shop hard by, with a sheaf of chisels, carving a bird whose breast feathers seemed ruffled with the summer wind, so full of life was the chiselling. What a happy home it looked in the July afternoon! The tide of blood and fire had rolled by, and left this little household unscathed, untouched. Nay, in the midst of death and doom the babe had been born, and the Trinity of domestic love had been made perfect.

Kathleen sank down into a chair near her sister's sighing, faintly in very weariness.

"My love, how tired you look!" said Rose tenderly. "Have you been far?"

"No; only to the Marais."

Rose had of late abstained from all close questioning of her sister. She knew that Kathleen wandered about the streets aimlessly, wearied herself with long walks that seemed utterly without end or motive. But this idle wandering might be one way of living down a great grief. It was well perhaps to let the mourner take her own way. Nothing so oppressive as obtrusive sympathy. Rose sympathised, and said very little.

At his wife's instigation Durand watched the girl's lonely walks on two or three occasions—saw that she suffered no harm, went into no vile quarters, provoked no insult; and after being assured of this, Rose was content to let her follow her own devices.

"The angel of consolation may be leading her," she said; "saints and angels know what is best for her."

And in her high-strung faith as a Papist, Rose Durand believed that her sister's pure spirit here on earth might be in communication with the souls of that mighty company which had gone before, that great cloud of witnesses hovering round us, invisible, impalpable—the spirits of the faithful departed.

Kathleen sat silent, those dreamy eyes of hers gazing across the flowers to the blue cloudless sky. The dark-violet eyes seemed larger and more lustrous than of old now that her face was pinched and thin; but O, so unspeakably sad!

"Why were you not home at dinner-time, dear? Have you had anything to eat since the morning?"

"I think not," Kathleen answered absently.

"And you went out so early! I was at your door before six, and found you were gone. You must be faint for want of food."

"I never feel hungry. I am a little tired, that's all."

The boy had dropped off to sleep by this time. Rose laid him softly in his cradle, and then busied herself preparing a meal for her sister.

She made some coffee in a little brown pot, which needed only a handful of burning charcoal to heat it. She brought out some Lyons sausage, a plate of salad, a bunch of crisp light bread, a roll of butter in a little covered dish half-full of ice. Everything in Rose's domestic arrangements was fresh and clean and neat. The cloth she spread on the table was spotless damask, washed and ironed by her own hands.

"Come, pet," she said, and coaxed her sister to the table, taking off her bonnet, smoothing the soft golden hair, kissing the pale brow, so full of gloomy thought.

Kathleen took a little coffee, but ate nothing. She sat with her eyes fixed on vacancy, scarcely conscious of the meal that had been spread for her, quite unconscious of Rose's face watching her.

"My dearest, if you don't eat—if you go wandering about and fasting for long hours—you will be fit for nothing; you will drop down in the streets; you will be carried off to a hospital."

Kathleen looked up at her with a startled expression.

"Yes, yes; you are right," she said hurriedly, with a sudden agitation in tone and manner. "If I become too weak, ready to faint at every turn, I shall be useless—I can do nothing; and I have so much to do. Yes, dear, I will take some of this nice bread and butter. I want to be strong. I am a reed—a poor feeble reed; and I ought to be made of iron."

"Only be reasonably careful of yourself, dear, and you will soon be strong again. Those long wanderings and long fastings must kill you if you go on with them. You ought to be careful of yourself, Kathleen," added Rose, with tears in her eyes—for there were times when she felt as if it were but a question of weeks and days how long she might keep this idolised sister—"you ought to be careful, for my sake and Philip's. We are both so fond of you."

"Yes," Kathleen answered, in a low voice, "and for *his* sake."

She forced herself to eat, and did tolerable justice to the white sweet bread and the fresh salad. Her meals in her own apartment were less luxurious. A slice of dry bread, eaten standing, a handful of cherries and a crust, a cup of milk. She had hoarded her little stock of money ever since Gaston's disappearance. She held it ready for any expenditure that might help her in her scheme of vengeance.

"I want to be strong," she said quietly, when she had finished her meal. "I have got some employment—a—a kind of place, to which I shall have to go very early every morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rose, sitting at work by the window, moving the cradle with her foot. "Why did you do that, dear?"

"I hardly know," answered Kathleen, with her eyes on the ground. "I thought it would be better for me to be employed."

"But I don't think you are strong enough for employment of any kind, just yet, dear," said Rose anxiously.

The idea seemed to her fraught with peril, with madness even.

"O, but I shall get stronger now that I have a motive, a settled purpose in life, a task to perform. You will see that I shall do so, Rose. Have no fear."

Her eyes brightened and flashed as she spoke—a hectic fatal light, Rose thought.

"I hope, whatever place you have taken, that the work is very easy," said the elder sister, after a pause.

"O yes, it is easy enough—very easy; in the open air mostly. You will see that my health will improve every day."

"I shall be full of thankfulness if I see that; and if the employment adds to your happiness."

"It will!" cried Kathleen eagerly. "It will make me very happy, if I succeed."

"Dearest, I never like to question you about yourself," said Rose, in a pleading tone, "for I know there are heart-wounds which should never be touched. But I should be so glad if you would tell me frankly, fully, what you are going to do?"

"I cannot, dear."

"Cannot! O Kathleen, is not that hard between such sisters as you and me?"

"All my life has been hard since the 21st of May."

"And I am to be told nothing?"

"Nothing more than I have told you already. I have taken upon myself an avocation which will oblige me to go out very early every morning; to be out sometimes at dusk. I want you to understand this, and not to be uneasy when I am away from home."

"I cannot help being uneasy. I am anxious about you every hour of the day. Why cannot you stay at home, Kathleen, and let me take care of you? I could get you work that you could do in your own room; sheltered, safe, protected from the pollution of the streets, from the hearing of foul language, from brushing shoulders with disreputable people."

"I hear nothing; feel no degradation. I think nothing, am conscious of nothing, but my own business."

"Is this business—respectable—worthy of a good Catholic?"

"Yes, it is respectable. There is warrant for it in the Scriptures."

Rose looked at her with acutest anxiety. That pale fixed face, the strange brightness of the eyes, suggested an exaltation of spirit, a state of mind which touched the confines of madness. And yet the girl's voice was soft and gentle, the girl's movements were quiet and deliberate. There was no wildness of gesture, no sign of actual unreason. Kathleen was terribly in earnest, that was all.

From that hour the girl's health seemed to improve; both mentally and physically there was a change for the better. Her eye had a steadier light; there seemed less of exaltation, of feverish excitement. Her whole being seemed braced and strengthened, as if by some heroic purpose. Yet there were times when the light in those steadfast eyes, the marble lines of the firmly-set lips, were almost awful.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Too Quick For Him.

The only man who ever was too quick for Joe Dye, the bad man of Ventura, was Petroleum Scott, the old Ventura oil man, a tall, wiry, nervous chap, who would be the terror of stenographers if he were a public speaker. Phillips Brooks is a leisurely drawler compared to Scott. Scott and Dye had a legal contest over an oil-claim on the Sespe, and, while the case was pending, Scott prudently avoided discussing it with Joe, whose temper and trigger-finger were notoriously quick and apt to act in concert. One day, Scott and Dye met in a Santa Paula saloon, and, sitting down at a table together, clinked glasses and chatted about things in general. Scott carefully abstained from talking about oil-claims, but Joe finally broached the subject and made some statement about the records that was not correct. This is the way Scott tells the story: "Without thinking, I said, 'Joe, you're a damn liar,' and as soon as the words were out of my mouth, he yanked out his revolver and stuck it under my nose. But I was too quick for him. I took it all back before he could shoot."

In Tunis.

Many ladies who get confused in the process of cross-examination would envy the etiquette which prevails in Tunis. A princess who was recently proceeded against by two negresses in her employ, was allowed to give her evidence from the concealment of a curtained partition. Whether this arrangement gave her the requisite presence of mind, or whether from the inherent strength of her case, she certainly won the verdict. We do not learn that the negresses were accorded the same privilege, which might have been an advantage to them.

Among the Flowers.

An eccentric New Yorker, much given to hospitality, has concealed among the flowers on his dinner table an artificial mocking-bird, which, at the pressure of an electric wire by his foot flutters and gives a musical chirp. Strangers are amused by the ingenius toy, but his family and friends understand that the bird only flies and sings when a subject is broached which is likely to prove offensive or painful to one of the guests.

TERRORS OF ONE NIGHT.

HIDEOUS VISIONS FOLLOWED BY BRAIN FEVER.

Awful Experience of a Man Locked Up in a Chamber of Monstrosities—Consequences of a Nap Taken at a Wax-Work Exhibition.

I was spending a week in town—sight-seeing. The preceding day had been a very fatiguing one, but I had promised myself an evening at the wax-works, and I had made arrangements for every other night during my short stay, so I went.

There is nothing so tiring as an exhibition, no matter what its character may be, and after walking up and down long galleries and climbing and descending stairs for several hours, I was completely "dead beat." Consequently, when I found a large block of wood, an executioner's block I have since ascertained it to have been, in a secluded corner in the Chamber of Horrors I sat down to rest.

I must have immediately fallen asleep and escaped the notice of the attendants when they closed the building for the night.

When I awoke the chamber was as still as a tomb, and the bright moonlight streaming in through the tall window gave the place a weird and unearthly appearance as it fell on the hideous throng of the world's great criminals.

What a fool I was! They were only wax figures. That was all, of course. I tried to laugh at my absurd situation, but the attempt was a failure, and left me more uncomfortable than ever. Perhaps they were smiling at me in the darkness. Absurd! How could wax figures smile?

And yet, suppose that the spirits of these evil men and women haunted their "counterfeit presentments?" Living criminals, it is said, could not resist returning to the scenes of their crimes, and these mute statues were clothed in the very garments in which the crimes had been committed—garments from which the guilty stains had never been washed.

What was that?

I had taken hold of something made of cold metal. Horror! I felt it to be one of the knives with which the murder had been committed. I was behaving like an idiot. I knew it, and told myself so. But it was no use. I could not help wishing I were anywhere else. A vault or a crypt would be cheerful compared with this horrible place. The very air seemed to smell of crime. I crept forward until I came to some steps. Perhaps this was the way out. I went up and reached out into the darkness.

A hand! A foot! A body kneeling! Great heavens! I had ascended the scaffold—was the one solitary living being present at that awful mute mummery going on in the darkness of the night.

"This sort of thing leads to madness," I told myself, as I crawled backward down the stairs. But what was to be done? I must get out somehow or my nerves would not stand the strain.

However, I determined that I would not give way in this manner. Advancing in another direction, I was stopped by a wooden wall or partition. Just then the moon came out for a few moments, and I saw that I was looking into a prisoner's dock.

There, close in front of me, stood some of the men and women who during the present century had become most notorious in crime. Their features were, in a number of cases, familiar to me from old books and recent prints.

I instantly recognized, among others, Burke and Hare, the former of whom was convicted in 1829 of a horrible series of murders on the evidence of his accomplice; James Bloomfield Rush, the Stanfield Hall murderer of 1848; Maria and George Manning, the two atrocious criminals of 1849; William Palmer, the Rugeley prisoner of 1858; and William Fish, Catherine Wilson, Henry Wainright, the Stauntons, Lefroy and Lipski of later dates.

One man's expression transfixed me, held me spell bound and filled me with loathing and horror. Who he was I do not know, but I could not take my eyes from his face. And when the place grew dark I saw it still standing out in the surrounding gloom, with the suppressed grin of a cruel and unrelenting fiend.

I hid my face in my hands. I threw myself on the floor, until the vision slowly faded away, leaving me trembling in every limb. I dare not get up nor open my eyes for fear that I should see it again.

Suddenly a peculiar sound of jangling and creaking fell on my ears. What could it be? It seemed to come from the corner of the chamber where the instruments of torture were arranged for exhibition. The thumb screws, tongue pincers, branding irons, masks and cinctures, the gressillon, the moitier, the cubitoire—all seemed to my excited imagination to be in movement and rattling one against the other.

Thoughts came to my mind of all the unspeakable agonies that had been inflicted by those diabolical inventions. This place would kill me. I felt I was going mad. Let me get free somehow. I sprang to my feet and rushed like a maniac in the darkness, striking wildly at everything in my way in search of the door. Figure after figure I hurled to the ground as it came in my path.

All at once I felt strong arms close around me. I was struggling madly for life with this terrible unseen something that held me by the throat and was strangling me in the dark. I now saw again that fearful face! Was it that of my antagonist? I tried to cry out, but I was choking. Gradually I relaxed my hold, and everything became a blank.

"You have been very ill, George, dear, but you are better now."

I looked around me. I was in a strange bedroom, and my sister Lucy was bending over me. I convinced her that it would be best for her to explain at once all that had happened, for my terrible experience in the dark chamber now came back to me.

She said that the night-watchman, thinking he heard sounds in the Chamber of Horrors, had descended to the place, when I immediately ran into his arms in the dark. In the struggle I had fainted. Brain fever followed, and I had narrowly escaped with my life.

My address had been found in my pocket, and my friends communicated with. The peculiar sounds that I had heard and exaggerated were doubtless produced by the keys of the watchman as he unlocked the door to the chamber.

THE PICTURED ROCKS.

Curious Forms Assumed by Sandstone Bluffs on Lake Superior's Shore.

The rocks are a series of sandstone bluffs, rising in many places abruptly out of the water to a height varying from fifty to 200 feet, and are situated about seventy miles west of Whitefish Point, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. The "Grand Portal" is regarded by the Detroit Free Press as the most imposing feature of the series. It is 100 feet high by 168 feet broad at the water level, and the cliff it is cut in rises above the arch, making the whole height 185 feet. The Great Cave, entered through the portal, extends back in the shape of a vaulted room, the arches of the roof built of yellow sandstone and the sides fretted into artistic shapes by storm-driven waves. About a mile west of "Sail Rock," a group of detached rocks which bear a fresemblance to the mainsail and jib of a sloop. The heighth of this is forty feet. The "chapel" is a vaulted apartment in the rock. An arched roof of sandstone rests on four columns of rock, so as to leave an apartment about forty feet in diameter and the same in length; within are a pulpit and altar. West a short distance from the chapel is Chapel river, which falls over a rocky ledge fifteen feet high in the lake. Miner's castle, five miles west of the chapel and just west of Miner's river, is the western end of the Pictured Rocks, and resembles an old turreted castle with an arched portal. The height of the advanced mass in which the Gothic gateway may be recognized is about seventy feet, and the height of the main hall forming the background is 140 feet.

Very Unfortunate.

A medical journal commends the invention for discovery of a method of treating certain diseases by a doctor in Trinidad, but says that "unfortunately" he is debarred from putting it into practice in his country owing to the scarcity of these particular diseases there.

The Largest Prune Orchard.

A 3,000 acre prune orchard, which will be the largest in the world, will be set out in San Luis Obispo county, California, next spring. The prune orchard of Baron von Schroeder, in the same county, is the largest in existence at present.

SCRAPPY INFORMATION.

Paper is made from tobacco stalks.

Massachusetts has 200 button factories.

Two hundred and three blast furnaces use anthracite coal.

Pumpkins weighing 256 pounds have been grown in California.

Cairo, Egypt has a population estimated at 500,000 of which 30,000 are Europeans.

The greatest depth recorded of Lake Michigan is 870 feet or about one-sixth of a mile.

The cost of the buildings, grounds and administration of the world's fair was $25,000,000.

Seven hundred and twenty tons of cardboard are said to be utilized every year in the use of postal cards.

Statistics show that the average of arrests for drunkenness during the world's fair was but one a day.

Probably the finest private collection of butterflies in the world is owned by Barthold Neumoegen, a New York broker.

The iron light-house exhibited at the world's fair is to replace the Waackaack beacon, near Sandy Hook. The new tower is ninety-six feet high, thirty feet taller than the present one.

Professor Elihu Thompson, the electrical expert, offers a brass wire cage or an umbrella with brass chains hanging from the ends of the ribs as a complete protection from thunderbolts.

New York furnishers of men's clothing are making an effort to emancipate their patrons from the shirt that goes on over the head by offering for sale a shirt that goes on and buttons up like a coat.

Thomas Keon, a one-armed hunter from Tionesta, Pa., while hunting came on a bear cub, which he killed. The mother bear came on the scene and fought him, but fell by the rifle. A little later two more cubs were found and killed.

J. H. Livermore of Augusta, Maine, in 1834 scratched his initials on a dime for a pocket piece. He spent it by mistake, but in 1849 it came back to him. In 1851 he spent it again, and in 1881 got it back. He is now holding on to it tight.